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Oxberry's Edition.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS,

A TRAGEDY;

BY

Christopher Marlow.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS, NOTES CRITICAL AND
EXPLANATORY.

BY W. OXBERRY

Comedian.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET;
C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; AND SOLD BY W. AND
J. LOWNDES, 9, BRYDGES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1818.



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Remarks.

THE tragedy of FAUSTUS has more of poetry than any of Marlow's plays, yet, after all, it is the wild fiction of a wild imagination. To do him justice, we must walk from the light of the present day to the darkness of the time in which he wrote; we must believe, as mankind then believed, in the intercourse with the world of spirits, in the visible agency of beings, who guided the operations of nature, and could lead, though they could not force, the will of man himself. The aspiration after something more than the world offers is natural to all ages; the way in which it exerts itself is the only point of difference. In a dark age it sought a road in the communication with unholy but supernatural powers; in the present more enlightened one, it exhausts itself in visionary attempts to conquer nature by the mysteries of art. Allowing such a belief, the objects and the character of FAUSTUS are not in the least exaggerated; all that earth could give, he had; he had more mind than the world around him; he had gone farther than other men; but the mind never has a resting point; it must proceed, and with this impulse it is no matter of surprise that he should rush into a dark unhallowed path, which, though condemned by his fellow creatures, was yet looked upon by them with awe and admiration. In all this there is nothing to censure; thus far FAUSTUS preserves his character, and thus far he commands our admiration by the daring magnitude of his purpose; he stands in colossal greatness beyond the most forward of mankind; but when this mighty being

amuses himself with cuffing about the Pope and his conclave, and playing tricks on clowns, and making horns sprout on the heads of the silly creatures who offended him—and when, moreover, these idle tricks are the only use of such power, so awfully acquired, our admiration is turned into disgust. It is true, he talks of having enjoyed much; but as far as the reader sees him in action, he is contemptible.—Of course we speak of the employment of his power, not of the manner of acquiring it, nor of his terrible catastrophe.

Independent of other objections, there is an inherent defect in the subject which no genius can overcome. To explain ourselves it will be requisite to begin at a remote point. Man never can create; all his ideas are occasioned and bounded by the visible world, beyond which no power of art, no exertion of intellect can travel a single step; when therefore he would paint anything eminently beautiful, he combines the beauties of the visible creation; when he would exhibit any object of peculiar deformity he collects the deformities of nature; even what is called *exaggeration*, is in fact nothing more than an union of things too dissimilar to be united. Thus MARLOW's dæmons are, after all, no more than men, in language, person, and feeling; they could not but have the language of men, for they have the ideas of men, not such indeed as any one individual would entertain, but the collected evil of the world at large; they could not but have the human frame, for that is the most important figure humanity can conceive; he might have exaggerated the bulk, but it would have added nothing to the effect; their feelings too naturally follow in the same track. This is a blemish, unavoidable indeed, but still of the worst kind, for it destroys the reality of fiction. All that could be done in this difficulty MARLOW has done; he has ransacked nature and collected all her gloom and all her terrors into one single spot, uniting and blending them with matchless skill; his language sweeps onward with the force of a torrent, and drags our feelings along with violence that is not to be resisted. The words of FAUSTUS are as dark as are his pursuits, yet there is none of that overcharged and offensive colouring that we find in Lord Byron's "Manfred," which has by some critics been compared to it; Manfred, has feelings which no human being ever had, and his expressions are like his feelings, mon-

strous and overcharged. The shadow of mystery is thrown around him ; he is perpetually hinting at something dark and terrible, and thus curiosity rather than sympathy is excited. He always seems to mean a something more than he says or does; he is neither of earth nor of hell, nor of heaven, and just so much and such kind of attention is excited towards him as would be excited towards any other monster. FAUSTUS, on the contrary, is brought forward into the light; we are suffered to see him, to become acquainted with him; we find him a human being superior to the rest of his kind by industry and genius; we find him like Alexander, thinking to enlarge his boundaries; but his means are such as were, in his time, believed unearthly, and his death is perfectly in keeping with his life.—And here we cannot help remarking as a singular trait in MARLOW'S character; he is never like himself in two pieces following; “The Jew of Malta,” though forcible, is utterly divested of all poetical images.—FAUSTUS abounds in poetry, and “Lust's Dominion” in direct opposition to the simplicity of “The Jew of Malta” is discoloured by bombast.

But though we think MARLOW'S FAUSTUS decidedly superior to the “Manfred” of Lord Byron, we are inclined to believe MARLOW himself is exceeded by the “Faust of Goëthe;” the German poet is more sublime, more pathetic, and more sustained; his female interest too is exceedingly strong, and though he also deals too much in the mysterious, yet his other merits counter-balance that defect. *a judgement of an Englishman!*

There is one other play on this subject by another German writer called Klingeman.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faustus.

Mephostophilis.

The Pope.

Raymond, King of Hungary.

Bruno.

Emperor of Germany.

Duke of Saxony.

Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.

Frederick,

Martino, } *three Gentlemen.*

Benvolio,

Valdes.

Cornelius.

Good Angel.

Bad Angel.

Old Man.

Three Scholars.

Seven Deadly Sins.

Wagner.

Robin, the Clown.

Dick, an Hostler.

Carter.

Horse-courser.

Hostess.

Vintner.

Bishop of Rheims.

Lucifer.

Belzebub.

Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants, &c. &c.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heav'nly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereat his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoll'n with cunning, and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspir'd his overthrow:
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.

FAUSTUS in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess :
Having commenced, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.

Sweet Analytic's, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.

Bene disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?

Affords this art no greater miracles ?

Then read no more—thou hast attain'd that end.

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :

Bid economy farewell : and Galen come.

Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,

And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure :

Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas ;

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And divers desperate maladies been cur'd ?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man ?

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian ?

Si una eademque res legatur duobus,

Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies.

Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash,

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best.

Jerome's bible, Faustus ; view it well.

Stipendium peccati mors est : ha ! stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death : that's hard.

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas,*

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there is no truth in us.

Why then belike we must sin,

And so consequently die.

Aye, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this ? *Che serà, serà :*

What will be, shall be ; divinity, adieu.

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books, are heavenly.

Lines, circles, letters, characters :

Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,

Is promised to the studious artizan !

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their several provinces ;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :

A sound magician is a demigod.

Here tire my brains to get a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes, and Cornelius :

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help,
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter a Good and Bad Angel.

Good Ang. O Faustus ! lay that damned book
aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the scriptures;—that is blasphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all nature's treasure is contain'd.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold;
Ransack the ocean for orient * pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel† at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference,

* *Orient*—Clear, brilliant.

“ See here a rope of pearl, and each more *orient*
Than the Ægyptian queen carous'd.”

The Fox, a. 3. s. 5. X.

† In allusion to the fire-ship employed during the siege of Antwerp, by which the bridge of boats across the Scheldt was ignited.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
 Know that your words have won me at the last
 To practise magic, and concealed arts.
 Philosophy is odious and obscure ;
 Both law and physic are for petty wits ;
 'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
 Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt ;
 And I, that have with subtile syllogisms
 Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
 And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
 On sweet Musæus when he came to hell ;
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
 Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. (To Faust.) These books, thy wit, and our
 experience,
 Shall make all nations canonize us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
 So shall the spirits of every element
 Be always serviceable to us three :
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please ;
 Like Almain Ritters * with their horsemen's staves,
 Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides :
 Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
 Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
 From Venice they shall drag huge argosies ;
 And from America the golden fleece,
 That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury ;
 If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. (To Val.) As resolute am I in this
 As thou to live, therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform,
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
 He that is grounded in astrology,
 Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth require.

* *Ritters*—Knights—The word is pure German.—The old copy reads "*Rutters*." X.

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks ;
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius ; oh, this cheers my soul !
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament ;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. (*To Val.*) First let him know the words of
art ;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then, come and dine with me, and after
meat
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof ;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do—
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 *Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus, that
was wont
To make our schools ring with *sic probo* ?

Enter WAGNER.

2 *Schol.* That shall we presently know ; here comes
his boy.

1 *Schol.* How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

2 *Schol.* Why dost not thou know, then?

Wag. Yes, I know, but that follows not.

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon; therefore, acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2 *Schol.* Then you will not tell us?

Wag. You are deceived, for I will tell you; yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile*? then, wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution; although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus, having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,* and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within, at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it would speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren. [Exit.]

1 *Schol.* Oh, Faustus! Then I fear that which I have long suspected,

That thou art fallen into the damned art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn;
But come, let us go and inform the rector,
It may be his grave council may reclaim him.

1 *Schol.* I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 *Schol.* Yet let us see what we can do. [Exeunt.]

* *Precisian*—a puritan.

Thunder. Enter FAUSTUS.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with his pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest; *
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward, anagrammatis'd;
The abbreviated names of holy saints;
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs, and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

(*Thunder.*)

*Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii—Valeat numen
triplex Jehovæ!—ignei, aerii, aquitani spiritus sa-
luete! Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis
monarcha et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appa-
reat et surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tume-
raris; per Jehovan, Gehennam et consecratam
aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod
nunc facio; et per rota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis
dictatis Mephostophilis. †*

* *Hest*—Order, command—from the German *heissen*, to bid.—
Thus, too, Shakspeare—

——— “What is your name?”

Miran. Miranda—Oh, my father,
I have broke your *hest* to say so.”

Tempest, a. 3. s. 1. X.

† This is a singular specimen of Marlow's learning; but we preferred leaving it, with all its errors on its head, to any alteration which, though classically correct, might be wrong as to the author.

Enter Devil.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape ;
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
 Go, and return an old Franciscan friar,
 That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit Devil.*
 I see there's virtue in my heavenly words ;
 Who would not be proficient in this art ?
 How pliant is this Mephostophilis,
 Full of obedience and humility ;
 Such is the force of magic and my spells.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do ?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
 To do whatever Faustus shall command ;
 Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
 Or the ocean to o'erwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
 And may not follow thee without his leave ;
 No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me ?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring raise thee ? speak !

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* ;
 For when we hear one racke the name of God,
 Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
 We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul :
 Nor will we come unless he use such means,
 Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
 Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring,
 Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
 And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle,
 There is no chief but only Belzebub ;

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
 This word damnation terrifies not me,
 For I confound hell in elysium ;
 My ghost be with the old philosophers.
 But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
 Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord ?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils ?

Meph. Oh ! by aspiring pride and insolence,
 For which God threw him from the face of heav'n.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

Meph. Unhappy spirits, that live with Lucifer,
 Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
 And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd ?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell ?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
 Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
 And tasted the eternal joys of heav'n,
 Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
 In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss ?
 Oh, Faustus ! leave these frivolous demands,
 Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Faust. What, is great Mephostophilis so passionate,*
 For being deprived of the joys of heav'n !
 Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
 And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
 Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer ;
 Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death,
 By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
 Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
 So he will spare him four and twenty years,
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

* *Passionate*—sorrowful.

Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer;
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve* me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [Exit.

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany,
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephostophilis return again. [Exit.

Enter WAGNER and ROBIN.

Wag. Come hither, sirrah! boy!

* *Resolve* here signifies *to inform*—but it is used with various significations by the older Dramatists:—

1. *To inform*—

“You can *resolve* me now, have they their masters of defence in other countries, as we have here in Italy?”

Case is Altered, a. 2. s. 4.

2. *To solve, explain*—

“Pray you, *resolve* this riddle.”

Great Duke of Florence, a. 3. s. 1.

3. *To be convinced*—

“’Tis his hand; I’m *resolv’d* of it.”

Duke of Milan, a. 2. s. 1. X.

Rob. Boy! Oh disgrace to my person! Zounds, boy in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

Wag. Hast thou no comings in?

Rob. And goings out too, you may see, sir.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness. I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

Rob. Not so neither; I had need to have it well-roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me? and I will make thee go like *qui mihi discipulus*.

Rob. What, in verse?

Wag. No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker*.

Rob. Stavesaker? that's good to kill vermin; then, belike, if I serve you I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no; for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

Rob. Nay, sir, you may spare yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

Rob. Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you, too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be, at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Rob. Here, take your guilders again; I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art pressed; prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away. Banio! Belcher!

Rob. Belcher! an Belcher come here, I'll belch him; I am not afraid of a devil.

* Stavesaker—Larkspur.

Enter two Devils.

Wag. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

Rob. Ay, good Wagner; take away the Devil, then.

Wag. Spirits, away! now, sirrah, follow me.

Rob. I will, sir; but hark you, master—will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wag. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Rob. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! Oh brave Wagner!

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou mayst
Quasi vestigias nostras insistere.

Rob. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

FAUSTUS in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needst be damn'd; canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it then to think on God or heav'n?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now, go not back, Faustus; be resolute.
Waver'st thou? O something soundeth in mine ear,
Abjure this magic, turn to God again:
Why, he loves thee not;
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is first the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter two Angels.

Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that most famous art.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance, what be these?

Good Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Bad Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do use them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Bad Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. Wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine;
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts, Mephostophilis come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephostophilis,—
Veni, veni, Mephostophilis.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So thou wilt buy his service with thy soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood:
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephostophilis, and tell me
What good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human spirits of man.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephostophilis, I'll give it him.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo, Mephostophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his blood
Assures himself to be great Lucifer's, ^{proper} ^{his soul}
Chief lord, and regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Meph. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ah, so I do! but, Mephostophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch the fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood por-
tend?

It is unwilling I should write this bill.

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: O there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, Faustus gives to thee his soul.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS with the chafer of fire.

Meph. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will not I do to obtain his soul?

Faust. *Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo fuge, whither should I fly?

If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ:

O, yes, I see it plain, even here is writ

Homo fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him something to delight his mind.
[*Exit.*

Enter Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to Faustus. (They dance, and then depart.)

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. What means this show? speak, Mephostophilis.

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind, And let thee see what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then, Mephostophilis, receive this scroll, A deed of gift, of body, and of soul : But yet conditionally that thou perform'st All covenants and articles between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer, To effect all promises between us both.

Faust. Then hear me read it, Mephostophilis, On these conditions following :

First. That Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.

Secondly. That Mephostophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly. That Mephostophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he requireth.

Fourthly. That he shall be in his house or chamber invisible.

Lastly. He shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the east, and his minister Mephostophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above-written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said

John Faustus, body and soul, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me,

JOHN FAUSTUS.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good of it.

Meph. So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

Faust. First I will question thee about hell.

Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Aye, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements;
Where we are tortured, and remain for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

In one self-place; but where we are is hell;

And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. I think hell is a mere fable.

Meph. Ah! think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Aye, and body too, and what of that?

Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond* to imagine,

* *Fond*—i.e. foolish.

“All modesty is *fond*; and chiefly where
The subject is compell'd no less to bear
Than praise his sovereign's acts.”

Sejanus, a. 2. s. 2.

“Nay, then, you are *fond*,
And want that strength of judgment and election,
That should be attendant on your years and form.”

Case is Altered, a. 4. s. 1. X.

That after this life there is any pain ?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wives tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be
damn'd :

What, sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing ?

But leaving this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany ;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife,

(*He fetches in a woman devil.*)

Faust. What sight is this ?

Meph. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife ?

Faust. Here's a hot whore, indeed ; no, I'll no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me, think no more of it :

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed :

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Where she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here take this book, and peruse it well ;

The iterating of these lines brings gold ;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storms, and lightning ;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in harness shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou command'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephostophilis, for this sweet book,
This will I keep as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.**]

* Wagner was introduced here, speaking the following lines :—

Wag. “ Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of astronomy,

Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks.

Enter FAUSTUS, in his Study, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heav'ns, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephostophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of these joys.

Meph. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank
thyself.

But think'st thou heav'n such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, then he's more excel-
lent.

Faust. If heav'n was made for man, 'twas made for
me;
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent, yet heaven will [pity
thee. *God.*

Bad Ang. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

Bad Ang. Ah! but Faustus never will repent. *shall*

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven: *2. Just*

He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That on this day is highly solemnized."

But as these very lines occur hereafter as a part of a chorus, as,
besides, they describe Faustus to be in Rome while he is quietly in
his study at Wittenberg, we have thrown them out. It, indeed,
leaves a vacuum, but that is better than an error. X.

763 + Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
 Are laid before me to despatch myself;
 And long ere this should I have done the deed,
 Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair:
 Have I not made blind Homer sing to me,
 Of Alexander's love, and Œnon's death?
 And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
 With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
 Made music with my Mephostophilis?
 Why should I die then, or basely despair?
 I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.
 Come, Mephostophilis, let us dispute again,
 And reason of divine astrology:
 Speak, are there many spheres above the moon?
 Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
 As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the heav'ns;
 Even from the moon unto th' imperial orb,
 Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
 And jointly move upon one axletree,
 Whose termine is termed the world's wide pole;
 Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter
 Feign'd, but are evening stars.

Faust. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?

Meph. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the place of the zodiac.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide;
 Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?
 Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
 That the first is finish'd in a natural day; the second
 thus: Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve, Mars
 in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury, in a year; the
 Moon in twenty-eight days: these are freshmen's*
 questions; but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion
 or *intelligentia*?

* *Freshmen* is a college term for students recently entered into the University.

Meph. Aye.

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial heaven.

Faust. But is there none, *cælum igneum et chrys-* not
tallinum?

Meph. No, Faustus, they are but fables. be

Faust. Resolve* me then, this question. him Pone

Why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time? but in some years, we have more, some less?

Meph. *Per inequalem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answer'd; now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, Faustus.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Aye, that is not against our kingdom; This is: thou art damn'd; think thou of hell.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [Exit.

Faust. Ah! go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell; 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul!

not too late

Enter the two Angels.

Bad Angel. Too late.

Good Angel. Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

Bad Angel. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

Good Angel. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [Exeunt Angels.

Faust. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour, Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

* *Resolve*,—Solve, explain—see note p. 11.

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Luci. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just ;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh ! what art thou that look'st so terribly ?

Luci. I am Lucifer ;
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thee !

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luci. Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou should'st not think on God.

Luci. Think on the devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will he henceforth pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heav'n.

Luci. So, show thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus,
We are come from hell to show thee pastime :
Sit, and thou shalt behold the deadly sins
Appear to thee in their own proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me
As Paradise to Adam on creation.

Luci. Talk not of Paradise, but mark the show :
Go, Mephostophilis, and fetch them in.

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Belz. Now, Faustus, question them of their names,
and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon : what art thou, the first ?

Pride. I am Pride : I disdain to have any parents.
I am like to Ovid's flea ; I can creep into every corner
of a wench ; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her
brow ; next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck ;
then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her : and then, turn-
ing myself to a wrought smock, do what I list. But
fie, what a smell is here ! I'll not speak another word
for a king's ransom, unless the ground is perfumed,
and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave, indeed; what art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness: begotten of an old churl, in a leathern bag; and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all, should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

Faust. And what art thou, the third?

Envy. I am Envy; begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife: I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned: I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone; then thou should'st see how fat I'd be! But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance.

Faust. Out, envious wretch! But what art thou, the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and I have ever since run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself, when I could get none to fight withal: I was born in hell, and, look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou, the fifth?

Glut. I am Gluttony: my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten beavers;* a small trifle to suffice nature: I am of a royal pedigree; my father was a gammon of bacon, and my mother was a hogshead of claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; but my godmother, oh! she was an ancient gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

* *Beaver* or *bever* is a mid-day meal, taken between breakfast and dinner; it is here, as in other places, used generally, but strictly speaking it should be confined to drinking, to *bever* is to drink out of the time for regular meals.

Then *Glut.* The devil choak thee.

Faust. Choak thyself, glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. Heigho! I am Sloth: I was begotten on a sunny bank.

Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

you *Faust.* And what art thou, mistress minx, the seventh and last?

Letch. Who, I sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Luci. Away to hell, away! On piper.

[*Exeunt the Seven Sins.*]

Faust. Oh! how this sight doth delight my soul.

Luci. But, Faustus, in hell are all manner of delights.

Faust. Oh! might I see hell, and return again safe; how happy were I then!

Luci. Faustus, thou shalt:

prose At midnight I will send to thee: meanwhile

Peruse this book and view it thoroughly,

And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luci. Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

Come, Mephostophilis.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again; I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery as't passes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

Rob. I walk the horses! I scorn i'faith; I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves, an they will. *A per se a, t. h. e. the: o per se o deny orgon gorgon:* keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

Dick. Snails! what hast thou got there? a book! why thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

Rob. That shalt thou see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry* with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like i'faith! you had better leave your foolery; for an my master come, he'll conjure you i'faith.

Rob. My master conjure me! I tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap a fair pair of horns on his head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

Rob. Ah! there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?

Rob. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmsey, and whippincrust; hold, belly, hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O brave! Prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come, then, let us away. [Exit.]

Enter CHORUS.

Learned Faustus, to find the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

* "Ostry," a corruption of hostelry.

Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top ;
 Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,
 Drawn by the strength of yoked dragon's necks,
 He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
 The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
 From the bright circle of the horned moon,
 Even to the height of *Primum-Mobile*,
 And whirling round of this circumference,
 Within the concave compass of the pole.
 From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
 And in eight days did bring him home again :
 Not long he staid within his quiet house,
 To rest his bones after this weary toil ;
 But new exploits do hale him out again :
 And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,
 That with his wings did part the subtle air,
 He now is gone to prove cosmography,
 That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth ;
 And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
 To see the Pope and manner of his court,
 And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
 The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [Exit.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephostophilis,
 Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
 Environ'd round with airy mountain tops,
 With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
 Not to be won by any conquering prince ;
 From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
 We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
 Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
 Then unto Naples ; rich Campania,
 Whose buildings fair, and gorgeous to the eye,
 The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick :
 There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
 The way he cut an English mile in length,
 Through a rock of stone in one night's space.
 From thence to Venice, Padua, and the east :
 In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,

That threatens the stars with her aspiring top ;
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry-colour'd stones,
And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold :
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now, what resting place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

Meph. I have, my Faustus ; and for proof thereof
This is the goodly palace of the Pope :
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his private chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his holiness will bid you welcome.

Meph. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison :
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes ;
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tyber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts ;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, called Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a castle, passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,
As, that the double cannons, forged of brass,
Do match the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year ;
Beside the gates and high pyramides,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegeton, I swear ;
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright splendid Rome ;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, stay, my Faustus ; I know you'd see the
Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day with high solemnity,
This day, is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis, thou pleasest me;
 Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloy'd
 With all things that delight the heart of man:
 My four-and-twenty years of liberty,
 I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance;
 That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth
 stand,
 May be admired through the furthest land.

Meph. 'Tis well said, Faustus; come then, stand
 by me,
 And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephostophilis,
 And grant me my request, and then I go.
 Thou know'st, within the compass of eight days,
 We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
 So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
 That, looking down, the earth appeared to me
 No bigger than my hand in quantity:
 There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
 And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
 Then in this show let me an actor be,
 That this proud Pope may Faustus' coming see.

Meph. Let it be so, my Faustus; but first stay,
 And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
 And then devise what best contents thy mind,
 By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
 Or dash the pride of his solemnity;
 To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
 And point like antiques at his triple crown:
 To beat the beads about the friars' pates;
 Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals heads;
 Or any villany thou canst devise,
 And I'll perform it, Faustus: hark! they come:
 This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing cro-siers, some the pillows ; Monks, and Friars singing their Procession ; then the Pope, and RAYMOND, King of Hungary, with BRUNO led in chains.

Pope. Cast down our footstool,

Ray. Saxon Bruno, stoop,
Whilst on thy back his holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me ;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter shalt thou groveling lie,
And crouch before the Papal dignity :
Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir
From Bruno's back ascends Saint Peter's chair.

(A flourish while he ascends.)

Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men ;
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord Cardinals of France, and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read among the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council, held at Trent,
The sacred synod hath decreed for him
That doth assume the Papal government
Without election, and a true consent :
Away, and bring us word with speed.

1 Card. We go, my lord. *[Exeunt Cardinals.]*

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Faust. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory ;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness ;
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor ;
And, in despite of all his holiness,

Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I go.

Faust. Dispatch it soon,
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

[*Exeunt Faust. and Meph.*]

Bru. Pope Adrian let me have right of law ;
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. We will depose the Emp'ror for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him :
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men :
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church :
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence ;
And, as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise,
That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk ;
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

Bru. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperor their lawful lords.

Pope. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore though we would we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast seal'd with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:

Then, he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faust. Yes, Mephosto, and two such Cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

Ray. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome, grave fathers; answer presently
What have our holy council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our state and papal dignity?

Faust. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod
Of priest and prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace:
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb St. Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest tower inclose him fast:
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here take his triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.

Make haste, again, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

Meph. So, so ; was never devil thus bless'd before.

Faust. Away, sweet Mephostophilis, begone ;
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exeunt Faust. and Meph.*

Pope. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize St. Peter's feast,
And with lord Raymond, king of Hungary.
Drink to our late and happy victory.

[*Exeunt.*

A Senet while the Banquet is brought in ; and
then enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, in their
own shapes.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for
mirth ;

The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woeful Emperor.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-
day,

That slept both Bruno and his crown away.

But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,

And by their folly make some merriment,

Sweet Mephostophilis, so charm me here,

That I may walk invisible to all,

And do whate'er I please unseen of any.

Meph. Faustus, thou shalt ; then kneel down pre-
sently,

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,

And charm thee with this magic wand:

First, wear this girdle, then appear

Invisible to all are here.

* *A Senet.*—A flourish of trumpets.

The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell and the Furies' forked hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thanks, Mephostophilis; now, Friars, take heed,

Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

Meph. Faustus, no more: see where the Cardinals come.

Enter Pope and Lords; then the Cardinals with a book.

Pope. Welcome, lord Cardinals; come sit down;
Lord Raymond, take your seat; Friars, attend
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

1 Card. First, may it please your sacred holiness,
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.

Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor
Were by the holy council both condemn'd,
For lothed Lollards, and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

1 Card. Your grace mistakes, you gave us no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd,
And put into the church's treasury.

Both Card. By holy Paul we saw them not?

Pope. By Peter you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately !
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves :
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery ?

Faust. So, they are safe ; now, Faustus, to the
feast ;
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Rheimes, sit down with
us.

Bish. I thank your holiness.

Faust. Fall to ; the devil choke you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke ? Friars look about.
Lord Raymond pray fall to : I am beholden
To the Bishop of Millaine for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thank you sir.

Pope. How now ! Who snatch'd the meat from me ?
Villains ! why speak you not ?
My good lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a Cardinal in France.

Faust. I'll have that too.

Pope. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity ? fetch me some
wine.

Faust. Aye, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace.

Pope. My wine gone too ! Ye lubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray, my lords, have patience at this troublesome
banquet.

Bish. Please it, your holiness ; I think it be some
ghost crept out of purgatory, and now is come unto
your holiness for pardon.

Pope. It may be so.
Go then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

Faust. How now ! must every bit be spiced with a
cross ?

Nay, then, take that. (*Strikes him.*)

Pope. O I am slain ! help me, my lords !
O come and help to bear my body hence !
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed !

[*Exeunt Pope and his train.*]

Meph. Now, Faustus, what will you do now !

For I can tell you
You'll be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. Bell, book, and candle; candle, book and
bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

*Enter the Friars, with bell, book, and candle, for
the dirge.*

1 *Friar.* Come, brethren, let's about our business
with good devotion.

Cursed be he that stole his holiness' meat from the
table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the
face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck friar Sandelo a blow on the
pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus.

[*They beat the Friars, fling fire works among them,
and exeunt.*]

Enter ROBIN and DICK, with a cup.

Dick. Sirrah ! Robin ! we were best look that your
devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for
the Vintner's boy follows us hard at the heels.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come: an he follow us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter VINTNER.

Dick. Here 'tis: yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

Vint. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Rob. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me? Aye, and spare not—Hold the cup, Dick—Come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick. Aye, aye, do, do—Hold the cup, Robin—I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.

Vint. Never out-face me for the matter; for sure the cup is between you too.

Rob. Nay, there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

Rob. Ah, much! when, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick: *O per se O, demigorgon; Belcher and Mephostophilis!*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Meph. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexed by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. By our lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to

supper, and a tester* in your purse, and go back again?

Dick. Aye, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

Rob. O brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back; away! begone!

Rob. A dog! That's excellent! Let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently: come, Dick, come.

[*Exeunt Rob. and Dick.*

Meph. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus, to the great Turk's court.

[*Exit.*

Enter MARTENO and FREDERICK at several doors.

Mart. What, ho! officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the emperor;
Good Frederic, see the rooms be voided straight,
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

Fred. But where is Bruno, our elected pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his grace consort the emperor?

Mart. O yes, and with him comes the German conjuror,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg:
The wonder of the world for magic art:
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;

* *Tester*, or *Teston*.—is a French coin, which, at one time, was equivalent to eighteen-pence; but its value subsequently declined, first to twelve-pence, then to nine-pence, and at last to six-pence. This coin had its name from the head upon it. X.

And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Fred. Where is Benvolio?

Mart. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse* with stoops of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Fred. See, see his window ope! we'll call to him.

Mart. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO above, at a window, in his Night-cap, buttoning.

Benv. What a devil ails you too?

Mart. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you:
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the doctor please.

Benv. What of this?

Mart. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou
shalt see

This conjuror perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

Benv. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough;
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

Fred. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Benv. Not I.

Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it
then?

Benv. Aye, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time.

Mart. The emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

Benv. Well, go you attend the emperor: I am content,
for this once, to thrust my head out at a window:

* *Rouse*—a full glass, a bumper.

for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as well as the conjuror, I warrant you. [*Exit.*]

A Senet. Enter CHARLES, the German Emperor, BRUNO, Duke of SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free
From his and our profess'd enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou couldst command the world's obedience;
For ever be belov'd of Carolus;
And if this Bruno, thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem
And sit in Peter's chair despite of chance;
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honoured of the German emperor.

Faust. These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet:
For proof whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,
The doctor stands prepar'd by power of art
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands:

Benv. Blood, he speaks terribly! but for all that, I do not greatly believe him; he looks as like a conjuror as the pope to a costermonger.*

Emp. Then, Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,

* *Costermonger*—A dealer in apples.

Great Alexander and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestic,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faust. Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephostophilis, away ;
And with a solemn noise of trumpets sound,
Present before this royal emperor,
Great Alexander, and his beauteous paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will.

Benv. Well, Mr. Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently : zounds ! I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.

Faust. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.

My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king ;
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Benv. Aye, aye, and I am content too : an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the emperor, I'll be Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

Faust. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Senet. Enter at one door the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, at the other DARIUS ; they meet ; DARIUS is thrown down, ALEXANDER kills him ; takes off his crown, and offering to go out, his paramour meets him ; he embraceth her, and sets DARIUS' crown upon her head ; and, coming back, both salute the Emperor, who leaving his State, offers to embrace them ; which FAUSTUS seeing, suddenly stays him : then Trumpets cease, and Music sounds.

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him :
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee ; I have heard it said,
That this fair lady, whilst she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole ;
Now may I prove that saying to be true ?

Faust. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain ;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I'd gain'd another monarchy.

Faust. Away ! begone ! [*Exit, show.*
See, see, my gracious lord ! what strange beast is yon,
That thrust his head out at window ?

Emp. O wondrous sight ! see, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns, most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

Duke of S. What, is he asleep or dead ?

Faust. He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his
horns.

Emp. This sport is excellent : we'll call and wake
him.

What ho ! Benvolio !

Benv. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such
a head of thine own.

Duke of S. Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Benv. The Emperor ! where ? O, zounds, my head !

Emp. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy
head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Faust. Why, how now, Sir Knight, what hang'd by
the horns ? This is most horrible : fie, pull in your
head for shame ; let not all the world wonder at you.

Benv. Zounds, Doctor, is this your villany ?

Faust. Oh say not so, sir : the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords ;
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander :

If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd,
 In bold Acteon's shape, to turn a stag.
 And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
 I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,
 As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
 To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.
 Ho! Belimote, Argiron, Asterote!

Benv. Hold, hold! Zounds! he'll raise up a kennel
 of devils, I think, anon: good my lord, intreat for me;
 'sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then, good Mr. Doctor,
 Let me entreat you to remove his horns;
 He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious lord—not so much for injury
 done to me, as to delight your majesty with some
 mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious
 knight; which being all I desire, I am content to re-
 move his horns. Mephostophilis, transform him; and
 hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

Benv. Speak well of ye? 'sblood, an scholars be
 such cuckold-makers, to clap horns on honest men's
 heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and
 small ruffs more. But, an I be not reveng'd for this,
 would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink
 nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
 In recompense of this thy high desert,
 Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
 And live belov'd of mighty Carolus.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, and
 Soldiers.*

Mart. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
 From this attempt against the conjurer.

Benv. Away, you love me not, to urge me thus;
 Shall I let slip so great an injury,
 When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,

And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day?
Oh may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain:
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart; here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit thy infamy.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Benv. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove;
And place our servants, and our followers,
Close in an ambush there behind the trees;
By this I know the conjurer is near.
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards:
Then, soldiers, boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

Fred. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove;
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[Exit Fred. with Soldiers.]

Benv. My head is lighter than it was by the horns;
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjurer dead.

Mart. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

Benv. Here will we stay to bide the first assault:
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace!

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Close, close—the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.

Benv. Mine be that honour, then: now, sword,
strike home;
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.

Enter FAUSTUS with a false head.

Mart. See, see, he comes.

Benv. No words : this blow ends all ;
Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall. (*Strikes him.*)

Faust. Oh !

Fred. Groan you, Master Doctor ?

Benv. Break may his heart with groans : dear Freder-
rick, see,

Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Benv. The devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms ?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whose art con-
spir'd Benvolio's shame before the Emperor ?

Benv. Aye, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's devise how we may add more
shame

To the black scandal of his hated name.

Benv. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

Mart. What use shall we put his beard to ?

Benv. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper ; it will
wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes do ?

Benv. We'll put out his eyes ; and they shall serve
for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catch-
ing cold.

Mart. An excellent policy : and now, sirs, having
divided him, what shall the body do ?

Benv. Zounds, the devil's alive again !

Fred. Give him his head for God's sake.

Faust. Nay, keep it : Faustus will have heads and
hands,

I call your hearts to recompense this deed.

Knew you not, traitors, I was limited

For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth ?

And had you cut my body with your swords,

Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and other Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heav'n;
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briars;
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence! dispatch my charge immediately!

Fred. Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives!

Faust. Away!

Fred. He must needs go that the devil drives.

[Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.]

Enter the ambushed Soldiers.

1 Sold. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjurer.

2 Sold. See where he comes; dispatch and kill the
slave.

Faust. What's here? An ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand!
For lo, these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:

Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

(Faustus strikes the door, and enter a Devil playing on a drum; after him another, bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons; Mephostophilis with fire-works; they set upon the Soldiers, and drive them out.)

Enter at several Doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERIC, and MARTINO, their Heads and Faces bloody, and besmeared with Mud and Dirt: all having Horns on their Heads.

Mart. What, ho! Benvolio!

Benv. Here; what, Frederic, ho!

Fred. O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?

Mart. Dear Frederic, here,

Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

Fred. Martino, see
Benvolio's horns again.

Mart. Oh, misery! how now, Benvolio?

Benv. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Nay, fear not, man, we have no power to
kill.

Benv. My friends tranformed thus: oh, hellish
spite!

Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right,
It is your own you mean; feel on your head.

Benv. Zounds! horns again!

Mart. Nay, chafe not, man, we all are sped.

Benv. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That spite of spite our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our
shames?

Benv. If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

Ben. I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes :
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter FAUSTUS, the Horse-courser, and
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.*

Horse. I beseech your worship accept of these forty dollars.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price : I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him, for ten dollars more take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse. I beseech you, sir, accept of this : I am a very poor man; and have lost very much of late by horses-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee ; give me the money. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not ; but, do you hear, in any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse. How, sir, not into the water ? why, will he not drink of all waters ?

Faust. Yes ; he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water ; o'er hedge and ditch, and where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you, sir ; oh ! joyful day : now am I made a man for ever ! [Exit.]

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die ?

Thy fatal time draws to a final end ;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep :
Tush ! Christ did call the thief upon the cross ;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit. (*He sits to sleep.*)

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. Oh ! what a cozening Doctor was this ! I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again. Ho ! sirrah ! Doctor ! you cozening scab ! master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again ; for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay. Master Doctor ! (*He pulls off his leg.*) Alas ! I am undone ! what shall I do ! I have pulled off his leg.

Faust. Oh ! help, help, the villain hath murdered me !

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him ! stop him ! stop him !—ha, ha, ha ! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee ?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company ; and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provision fit for your journey.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning : come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROBIN, DICK, Horse-courser, and Carter.

Cart. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe ;

What, ho ! hostess ! where be these whores ?

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now, what lack you ? What, my old guests ? welcome.

Rob. Sirrah ! Dick ! dost thou know why I stand so mute ?

Dick. No, Robin, why is't ?

Rob. I am eighteen pence on the score ; but say nothing : see if she has forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself ? What my old guest ?

Rob. O, hostess, how do you ? I hope my score stands still.

Host. Aye, there's no doubt of that ; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick. Why, hostess, I say fetch us some beer.

Host. You shall presently : look up into the hall there, ho ! *[Exit.*

Dick. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes ?

Cart. Marry, sirs, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me ; you know Doctor Faustus ?

Horse. Aye, a plague take him ; here's some on's have cause to know him ; did he conjure thee too ?

Cart. I'll tell you how he served me : as I was going to Wittenberg t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat ; now, sir, I thinking a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings ; so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating ; and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All. Oh, monstrous ! eat a whole load of hay ?

Rob. Yes, yes, that may be ; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me : I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars ; so, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money ; so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time ; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water : now, sir, I thinking the horse had some quality that he would not have me know of ; what did I, but ride him into a great river and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. O brave Doctor !

Horse. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it ; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him : I seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off ; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Rob. And has the Doctor but one leg then ? That's excellent ! for one of his devils turn'd me into the likeness of an ape's face.

Cart. Some more drink, hostess.

Rob. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the Doctor.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Duchess, FAUSTUS, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Duke. Thanks, master Doctor, for these pleasant sights ; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air : the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but

well of that which Faustus hath performed. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True, master Doctor; and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and were it now summer as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go, Mephostophilis; away! [*Exit Mephostophilis.*
Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS again, with the Grapes.

Here now, take ye these; they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more than all the rest; that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it, your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them; as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

(Robin bounceth at the gate, within.)

Duke. What rude disturbers have we at the gate? Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

(They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.)

A Serv. Why, how now, master; what a coil is there;

What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Serv. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

Serv. It appears so; pray be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the duke.

Duke. What would they have?

Serv. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. Aye, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.

Dick. Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your grace, let them come in; They are good subject for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt, Faustus; I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your grace.

Enter ROBIN, DICK, Carter, and Horse-courser.

Why, how now, my good friends?

Faith, you are too outrageous; but come near, I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Rob. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

Faust. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

Cart. Aye, marry, can I; we are under heaven.

Serv. Aye; but, Sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

Horse. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in: zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.

My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart, kind doctor, please thyself;

Our servants and our court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace; then fetch some beer.

Horse. Ah, marry—there spake a doctor, indeed! and faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha! dost hear him, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

Horse. Aye, aye, he does not stand much upon that.

Faust. No, faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord! that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No, in good sooth.

Cart. Then, I pray, remember your curtesie.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Cart. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such a question?

Cart. No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess, with drink.

Faust. Then, I assure thee, certainly they are.

Cart. I thank you, I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou ask?

Cart. For nothing, sir; but methinks you should have a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse. Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

Faust. But I have it again, now I am awake: look you here, sir.

All. O horrible! had the Doctor three legs?

Cart. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of——

(Faustus, in the middle of each speech, charms them dumb.)

Dick. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's——

Horse. You whoreson conjuring scab! do you remember how you cozened me with a ho——

Rob. Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-passe and repasse: do you remember the dog's fa—— *[Exeunt Clowns.]*

Host. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my a—— *[Exit Hostess.]*

Lady. My lord,
We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we, madam; which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may;
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.

[Exeunt.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Devils with covered dishes; MEPHOSTOPHILIS leads them into Faustus's study; then enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two thousand ducats ready coined: I wonder what he means! If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus: he's now

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Oh, gentle Faustus! leave this damned art,
 This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell;
 And quite bereave thee of salvation.
 Though thou hast now offended like a man,
 Do not persevere* in it like a devil:
 Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
 If sin by custom grow not into nature;
 Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
 Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heav'n;
 No mortal can express the pains of hell.
 It may be, this my exhortation
 Seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not;
 For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
 Or envy of thee, but in tender love
 And pity of thy future misery;
 And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
 Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch! what hast thou done?

(Mephostophilis gives him a dagger.)

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice,
 Says, "Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come;"
 And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old Man. Oh, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps;

* *Pèrsevere*—This mode of accenting the word was common in Marlow's time.

"—— But to *persèvere*
 In obstinate condolment."—*Hamlet*, a. 1. s. 2.

"*Persevere* in it, and good men
 With saints and angels, say amen."
Maid of Honour, a. 5. s. 2.

"—— My best lady
Persevere in it."—*Virgin Martyr*, a. 1. s. 1.

"—— To wrong another,
 And one she knows not, aye, and to *persevere*."
The Fox, a. 4. s. 1.

I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And with a vial, full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Oh, friend! I feel thy words to comfort my
distressed soul:

Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief of
heart,

Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. *[Exit.*

Faust. Accursed Faustus! wretch! what hast thou
done?

I do repent, and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephostophilis, intreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.*

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged
man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:
That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear

* In the edition of 1616 and 1624, this speech is given to Faustus.

Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter HELEN again, passing between two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,

toplus And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the Monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*]

(*Thunder.*) *Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.*

Luci. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,
To view the subjects of our monarchy;
Those souls, which sin seals the black sons of hell,
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus we come to thee;
Bringing with us lasting damnation,
To wait upon thy soul; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling! now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle phantasies,
To over-reach the devil, but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He, and his servant Wagner, are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will:
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life, and lasting service for your love.

Enter the Scholars.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.

1 Schol. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks
are changed.

Faust. Oh! gentlemen.

2 Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liv'd
with thee,
Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.
Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

1 Schol. O, my dear Faustus, what imports this
fear?

2 Schol. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3 Schol. He is not well with being over solitary.

2 Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus
shall be cured.

3 Schol. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself; heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! Oh hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears? Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul.—Oh! he stays my tongue!—I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em?

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Oh! God forbid!

Faust. God forbid it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with my own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity;

and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2 Schol. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1 Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt Scholars.*]

Meph. Ah, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,

Therefore despair, think only upon hell;
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. Oh, thou bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation

Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
'Twas I, that when thou wert i'the way to heav'n,
Dam'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.

What, weep'st thou! 'tis too late, despair!—Farewell!
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the Good and Bad Angels at several doors.

Good Ang. Oh! Faustus, if thou had'st given ear;
to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee,

But thou didst love thee world.

Bad Ang. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Ang. Oh! what will all thy riches, pleasures,
poms
Avail thee now?

Bad Ang. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell that had on earth such store.

(Music while the throne descends.)

Good Ang. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold
In what resplendent glory thou hadst set
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell; that hast thou lost:
And now (poor soul!) must thy good angel leave thee;
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. *[Exit.*

(Hell is discovered.)

Bad Ang. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror
stare

Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks; their bodies boil in lead?
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in:
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. Oh! I have seen enough to torture me!

Bad Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the
smart of all;

He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tremble in confusion. *[Exit.*

(*The clock strikes eleven. **)

Faust. Oh, Faustus!

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,

A month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente lente currite noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

Oh, I'll leap up to heav'n!—Who pulls me down?

See were Christ's blood streams in the firmament:

One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;

Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—

Where is it now?—'tis gone!

And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow—

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!

No? Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.

I have always abstained from loading these pages with notes that were not essentially conducive to the right understanding of the text, but it is scarcely possible to pass over this scene without a comment. It is so terribly real, that one cannot peruse it without, in some measure, feeling the agony and "bloody sweat" of Faustus; here is no *description* of feeling, gilded with similes and imagery—the victim is actually suffering before our eyes, writhing in the extremity of horrible fear and anguish, that rends and shakes, and convulses his soul and body. His expressions seem to be torn from him, torn from his heart by the bitterness of terror; we count the minutes with him, and shudder as he shudders at the striking of the clock. The genius of Marlow was indeed terrible.

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon lab'ring cloud;
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths:
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

(The clock strikes.)

Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
 Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd:
 No end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Oh! Pythagoras' Metempsychosis! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die
 Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

(Thunder.) Enter the Devils.

Oh! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me?
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
 Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not, Lucifer!—
 I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephostophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Scholars.

1 *Schol.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen;
Since first the world's creation did begin
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

2 *Schol.* Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs.

All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3 *Schol.* The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn
him thus;

For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;

At which said time the house seemed all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2 *Schol.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be
such

As every christian heart laments to think on;

Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd

For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,

We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;

And all the students, clothed in mourning black,

Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man:

Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,

Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,

Only to wonder at unlawful things!

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,

To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.

Enter the Scholar.

1. Scholar. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit the
 For such a dreadful night was never seen;
 Since first the world's creation did begin
 Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
 Try heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

2. Scholar. Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are the
 the hands.

All torn asunder by the hand of death.
 3. Scholar. The devils whom Iustus serv'd have torn
 him thus;

For twist the hours of twelve and one, methought
 I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
 At which said time the house seemed all on fire,
 With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
 2. Scholar. Well, gentlemen, though Iustus can be
 such

As every Christian heart longs to think on;

Yet for he was a scholar once and a
 for wonders knowledge in our German schools,

We'll give his tangled limbs due burial;
 And all the students, clothed in mourning black,

Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man;
 Iustus is gone: we read his bellish toll.

Whose funeral torches may express the woe
 Only to wonder at unlaid that lie.

Those that pass down your path forward with
 To practice more than heavenly power to train.

Remembered how often, Iustus, Iustus,
 Remembered how often, Iustus, Iustus,

Marlowe, Christopher,

Doctor Faustus a tragedy

London 1818

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